

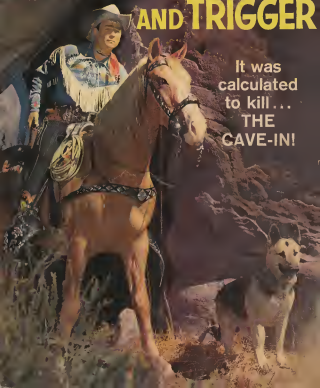
DELL

JAN. - FEB.

Still 10¢

ROY ROGERS AND TRIGGER

It was
calculated
to kill ...
THE
CAVE-IN!





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F — FANTASY
BR — BROTHER BROTHER
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(PUBLISHED QUARTERLY)

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ROY ROGERS

in CAVE-IN

A FEW MILES OUTSIDE OF THE MINING TOWN OF SILVERBROOK.

THANKS FOR SHOWING ME THE WAY TO UNCLE DAN'S PLACE, ROY! LUCKY I BUMPED INTO YOU BACK IN TOWN ... I NEVER WOULD HAVE LOCATED IT BY MYSELF!

I'M GLAD YOU COULD VISIT YOUR UNCLE, JOHNNY! I SAW HIM IN TOWN LAST MONTH AND HE TOLD ME HE WAS GOING TO REOPEN THE OLD VIRGINNY MINE!

I'M KIND OF INTERESTED TO SEE HOW HE'S COMING ALONG MYSELF! ONE THING SURE, HE CAN USE THE HELP OF A STRAPPING FELLA LIKE YOU!

AS THEY RUSH THE MINE...

COME ON, JOHNNY! SOMEBODY MIGHT BE TRAPPED INSIDE!

FIRE! FIRE! IN THE MINE OFFICE!

IT'S UNCLE DAN!

HOLD ON, DAN! WE'LL GET YOU OUT OF HERE!

ROY—LOOK OUT!

FORWARDER: Please send copies on Form 3579 to 521 West 41st Street, New York 36, N. Y.
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DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS



CIRCLING THE DEER, ROY AND JOHNNY SEARCH FOR TRACKS...



I DON'T SEE ANYTHING, DO YOU?

THIS GROUND IS PACKED TOO HARD TO FIND ANY FOOT-PRINTS! BUT LOOK HERE, JOHNNY!



WHAT IS IT?

A SPOT OF GREASE — OR KEROSENE! SOMEBODY COULD HAVE PITCHED A LIGHTED KEROSENE LAMP THROUGH THE WINDOW AND STARTED THE FIRE!



BUT WHY? WHY WOULD ANYBODY DO THAT TO UNCLE DAN?

I DON'T KNOW, JOHNNY! THAT'S WHAT WE HAVE TO FIND OUT! COME ON!

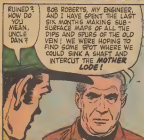


NEXT MORNING...

AS IF YOUR RECORDS ARE DESTROYED! THERE'S NOTHING HERE EXCEPT CHARRED PAPER!

WELL, DAN — IT LOOKS

THEN I'M RUINED, LADS — FINISHED!



RUINED? HOW DO YOU MEAN, UNCLE DAN?

BOB ROBERTS, MY ENGINEER, AND I HAVE SPENT THE LAST SIX MONTHS MAKING SUB-SURFACE MAPS OF ALL THE PIPS AND SPURS OF THE OLD VEIN! WE WERE HOPING TO FIND SOME SPOT WHERE WE COULD SINK A SHAFT AND INTERCUT THE MOTHER LODE!



I BORROWED HEAVILY FROM THE BANK FOR THIS DEVELOPMENT WORK, AND MY TIME'S RUN OUT! THEREFORE THE LOAN IS DUE!



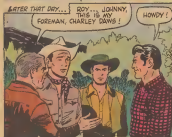
A HALF-HOUR LATER...



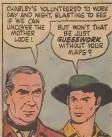
WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU? WHO DID IT?



LATER THAT DAY...



CHARLEY'S VOLUNTEERED TO WORK DAY AND NIGHT, BLASTING TO SEE IF WE CAN UNCOVER THE MOTHER LODGE!



THAT'S TRUE — BUT IT'S A CHANCE WE HAVE TO TAKE SINCE BOB ROBERTS ISN'T BACK YET! AFTER ALL, WE'VE ONLY GOT TWO DAYS! IF WE HIT, WE'RE IN A BONANZA! IF NOT — I LOSE THE MINE!



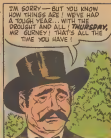
IT'S MR. GREEN, THE BANKER!





GOOD EVENING, MR. GURNEY! I'VE COME TO REMIND YOU THAT THURSDAY'S THE DAY YOUR NOTE FALLS DUE!

ABOUT THAT LOAN, MR. GREEN! YOU COULDN'T GRANT US ANOTHER THIRTY DAYS ... COULD YOU?



I'M SORRY — BUT YOU KNOW HOW THINGS ARE! WE'VE HAD A TOUGH YEAR... WITH THE DROUGHT AND ALL! ~~THUNDERBOLT~~ MR. GURNEY! THAT'S ALL THE TIME YOU HAVE!

IT IS ALMOST DARK WHEN THE BANKER LEAVES...



WELL — IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, I'VE GOT WORK TO DO!

SO HAVE I! ROY — YOU AND JOHNNY MAKE YOURSELVES COMFORTABLE! BUT KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED FOR BOB ROBERTS, WILL YOU? LET ME KNOW THE MINUTE HE GETS BACK!

SURE THING, DAN!



JOHNNY — I'M NOT SATISFIED WITH MR. GREEN'S ANSWER! IF ONLY WE'D GIVE YOUR UNCLE ANOTHER WEEK, MAYBE WE COULD GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS AND SAVE THE MINE!

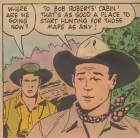


COME ON! LET'S RIDE AFTER GREEN AND EXPLAIN ABOUT THE MISSING ENGINEER AND THE UNDERGROUND MAPS!





*DARKNESS SOON FORCES ROY AND JOHNNY
TO GIVE UP THE SEARCH...*



BUT AFTER AN HOUR OF SEARCHING...



THE FOLLOWING MORNING...

MR. GORNEY—I'M
READY TO START
BLASTING! DO YOU
WANT TO COME WITH
ME?

GO AHEAD, DAN!
JOHNNY AND I ARE GOING
TO GO CHECK UP ON A
COUPLE OF MYSTERIOUS
HOMBRES!

WHAT
HOMBRES?
WHO ARE
THEY
TALKING
ABOUT?

IT'S NOTHING, CHARLEY
—ONLY THAT BOB
ROBERTS HAS DISAPPEARED
AND BOY THINKS HE HAS
A CLUE TO HIS
WHEREABOUTS!



LATER...

HERE'S WHERE
WE LAST SAW
GREEN AND THAT OTHER
FELLOW! THE BRUSH IS
SURE THICK! ONE OF
THEM COULD HAVE
RIPPED HIS
CLOTHES!

YOU'RE RIGHT,
JOHNNY! HERE'S
WHAT WE'RE
LOOKING FOR,
RIGHT HERE!



A PIECE OF CLOTH
TORN FROM A PLAID
SHIRT—LIKE THE
ONE THAT
CHARLEY DAWES
WEARS!

CHARLEY DAWES!
JOHNNY—YOUR
UNCLE DAN IS WITH
HIM—AND HE'S
TRIED TO KILL DAN
BEFORE!



RACING BACK TO THE MINE...

HOLY NED! WHAT'S THAT?

THE MINE WHISTLES! WHEN THEY BLOW
IT LIKE THAT, IT CAN MEAN ONLY ONE
THING—A CAVE-IN!





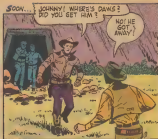
RACING THEIR HORSES PAST THE BUNKHOUSE, JOHNNY CALLS TO CHARLEY DAME'S...





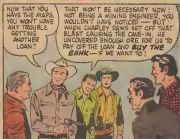
SOON, WORKING FURIOUSLY, BOY BEGINS TO MAKE SOME HEADWAY THROUGH THE CAVE-IN...







A FEW MINUTES LATER.



The SPECIAL INGREDIENT



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Dave was a grizzled old mountaineer whose fame as a trapper, Indian fighter, and cook was known throughout the frontier. A giant of a man, he was as tough as a brown bear and as cunning as a fox, so it was with some surprise that Marshal Lory found him along the trail tied to a tree.

"What happened, Dave?" the marshal asked, as he cut the mountain man loose.

"Agh!" Dave growled with chagrin. "I must be getting old! I was busy rustling up some grub when two jaspers got the drop on me. Before I knew what was going on they had me hooped like a yearling!"

"What were they after?"

"My poke of gold dust," Dave grumbled. "They found it inside my waistbag."

"You want me to go after them?" the marshal offered.

"Naw! Anybody who can get the drop on me deserves my poke!" Dave said good-naturedly, as he checked through his duffle to see if anything else was missing. "I can't be bothered with trailing after any outlaws today, anyway. I'm due over at the West Falls Annual Fair tomorrow morning and have to get going. I'm sure glad you came along!"

"Say, that's right!" Marshal Lory exclaimed. "I'm going to be one of the judges of the baking contest again this year, too. I suppose you'll win again—as usual—with your sourdough biscuits!"

"You're doggone right!" Dave grinned. "And the only reason I win the contest every year is because of a certain special something I use in fixing the biscuits. It's worth its weight in gold! Why, it—" Dave checked himself in mid-sentence, his eyebrows squinting together in sudden anger as he held up a small deerskin pouch. "Wal, I'll be a skinned coyote!" he thundered, pouring the contents of the pouch into his hand.

"Gold dust!" Marshal Lory exclaimed with surprise. "They didn't get it, after all!"

Dave's face was a black cloud of rage as he mounted his horse.

"I'm going after those varmints!" he called over his shoulder. "They took something of mine that means a whole lot more than a little sack of gold dust!"

Mounting his own horse, the marshal set out in pursuit, wondering what the outlaws had taken to make Dave so angry.

Fifteen minutes later the pair rounded a bend in the trail and met the road agents, riding face to face toward them. Before weapons could be drawn the mountain man was upon them with smashing blows.

"Where's the pouch?" Dave thundered.

"Here it is," one of them stammered. "We were just coming to give it back to you!"

"Hah!" Dave growled, fumbling with the drawstrings on the pouch. "You mean you discovered your mistake and were coming back to rob me of something more interesting!"

"I'm mighty curious to know what's in that pouch!" the marshal panted as he tied the outlaws up. "You were so far ahead of me on the trail I couldn't ask you before."

Dave opened the pouch and took out what looked like a lump of white clay.

"It's that 'certain special something' I was telling you about," he explained. "A hunk of sourdough and yeast . . . to make my biscuits rise up nice and puffy!"

Dave glowered at the outlaws. "I've carried a sourdough starter for twenty-five years! You don't come by them banditly, and I'd sooner lose a little gold dust than my 'starter' any day! Too bad for you . . . you grabbed the wrong pouch!"

Then Dave laughed at a sudden thought. "You boys got the 'dough,' all right, only the wrong kind!"

RIVER JUNCTION IS RUDELY AWAKENED ONE DAY
AS AN OLD PROSPECTOR ARRIVES IN TOWN...

FORGETFUL FREDDY



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NOW DON'T THAT BEAT ALL! THERE'S A SMALL FORTUNE IN THESE SAMPLES RIGHT HERE, AND IF YOU HADN'T REMINDED ME OF IT, SOME BRUNK COULD HAVE TAKEN THEM!



I'LL KEEP AN EYE ON YOUR BRUNK, FREDDY, SO THAT WON'T BE STOLEN, EITHER!

THANKS A LOT, PETE!



CAN YOU BEAT THAT? HE TOOK THE SAMPLES BUT FORGOT THE YARBAG WITH THE MAP IN IT!

THE OTHERS WERE SO EXCITED THEY DIDN'T NOTICE EITHER! IF WE CAN GET THAT MAP, WE CAN FIND THE CLAW!



YOU GO INSIDE THE CAFE AND START A KUCKLE TO GET EVERYBODY'S ATTENTION... LEAVE THE REST TO US!

WE'LL MEET YOU LATER OVER AT TWIN FORKS!



AND SO A FEW MINUTES LATER...

RED DELIBERATELY TRIPS OVER FORGETTUS'S FEET...



YEAH MY WORRIES ARE OVER NOW BOYS! BUT IT SEEMS LIKE I'M FORGETTING SOMETHING I'M HANGED IF I CAN THINK OF WHAT IT IS, THOUGH!



HEY!

GORRY, STRANGER!



BUT THE OLD PROSECTOR'S FRIENDS QUICKLY SPRING TO HIS AID...



MEANWHILE, OUTSIDE ON THE BOARDWALK...



ABOUT TEN MINUTES LATER...

SOMEBODY BURRHACKED ME AND MADE OFF WITH YOUR WARRAS, FREDDY! I NOTICED YOU'D FORGOTTEN IT AFTER YOU WENT INSIDE, BUT THOUGHT IT'D BE SAFE ENOUGH WITH ME WATCHING!



SOME VARMINT MUST HAVE HEARD YOU TALKING ABOUT THAT MAP!

THAT HONDER WHO STARTED THE FIGHT IN HERE WAS PROBABLY IN ON IT, TOO! LET'S GET ON THEIR TRAIL!



HOLD ON! WE DON'T HAVE TO GO AFTER THEM...

SNAP!



WHAT'RE YOU TALKING ABOUT? NOW THAT THEY HAVE YOUR MAP THEY CAN FILE THE CLAIM!

...NOW I REMEMBER WHAT I WAS TRYING TO THINK OF BEFORE!



ON THE WAY TO TOWN, I TOOK THE MAP OUT TO HAVE ANOTHER LOOK AT IT...AND I FORGOT TO PUT IT BACK IN THE WARRAS - I STUCK IT IN MY SHIRT!



TO SURE LIKE TO SEE THOSE JASPER'S FACES WHEN THEY OPEN THAT BAG AND FIND OUT JUST HOW FORGETFUL I REALLY AM!



TRIGGER

and
UNNEEDED WARNING

ONE MORNING AT THE ROY ROGERS RANCH...

CHICO: THIS IS ROLAND PETERS, SON OF AN OLD FRIEND OF SENOR ROY! HE IS FROM THE EAST AND HE IS TO VISIT WITH US FOR A FEW DAYS!

HELLO, ROLAND!

HOW DO YOU DO?



ROLAND LIKES TO RIDE! I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT SHOW HIM AROUND THE RANCH!

OF COURSE, GRANDFATHER!



I WANT THAT BIG PALOMINO! HE'S A BEAUTY!

BUT THAT IS TRIGGER! HE IS NOT FOR JUST ANYONE TO RIDE!



MR. ROGERS SAID I WAS TO BE TREATED LIKE ONE OF THE FAMILY! I WANT TO RIDE TRIGGER!

BUT YOU CANNOT...

IT WOULD NOT MATTER THIS ONCE! COME, CHICO, YOU RIDE ROSITA! SHE'S A FINE MARE!



SOON AFTERWARD...

TRIGGER OBEYS VERY WELL, ROLAND! YOU WILL NOT NEED YOUR RIDING CROP... JUST A PRESSURE OF THE KNEES!

I DON'T HAVE TO TAKE LESSONS FROM YOU! I KNOW ALL ABOUT HORSES!





4 *AS GREG FEARS, TRIGGER SOON OUTDISTANCES THE SLOWER MARK ...*



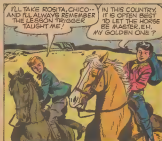
BUT TRIGGER'S SENSITIVE NOSE
WARNS HIM OF DANGER...



AND MR STUBBORN REFUSES TO
GO NEAR THE WATER...



BUT ROLAND DRIVES HIM AWAY...



ROY ROGERS

A HOLDUP, TRIGGER! THE WELLS FARGO STAGE! LET'S GO, BOY!

THE SEARCH



DROP THOSE GUNS !!



I WINGED ONE OF 'EM !



THE SECOND BANDIT, HAL BOYLE, IS WOUNDED AS HE GALLOPS AWAY ...



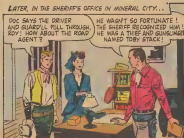
FASTER, TRIGGER! WE'VE GOT TO STOP THOSE HORSES BEFORE THEY TIP OVER THE STAGE! BOTH THE DRIVER AND GUARD ARE HURT!





FINALLY, BOY STOPS THE RUNAWAY TEAMS..





THE SHERIFF'S GONE AFTER THE OTHER ONE! HE FIGURES BACK AND HIS PARTNER ARE THE OUTLAWS WHO HELD UP THE STAGE A MONTH AGO AND ROBBED THE PASSENGERS!

BIG TIM WAS ON THAT STAGE! THEY STOLE EVERYTHING HE HAD!

I'M SORRY THIS HAPPENED TO YOU, MISS KATHY! IS THERE ANYTHING I CAN DO...?

I'M HOPING YOU CAN HELP HE FIND MY FATHER! HIS NAME IS THOMAS TRENT!

I DON'T KNOW ANYONE....!

HE'S PROBABLY USING ANOTHER NAME! HE CAME WEST TWENTY YEARS AGO... AFTER HE'D SERVED A SHORT PRISON TERM! THE DISGRACE ALMOST KILLED MOTHER!

SHE REFUSED TO COME WEST WITH MY FATHER! SHE MOVED TO ANOTHER TOWN AND CHANGED OUR NAME! I DON'T KNOW MY FATHER WAS ALIVE, UNTIL MOTHER TOLD ME THE TRUTH... JUST BEFORE SHE DIED!

WHAT MAKES YOU THINK YOUR FATHER IS HERE?

MOTHER SAID HE PLANNED TO COME TO THIS TERRITORY TO MAKE A FRESH START! SHE GAVE ME HER WEDDING RING! FATHER HAS ITS TWIN!

THE RINGS ARE EXACTLY ALIKE! THE ONLY DIFFERENCE ARE THE INITIALS ENGRAVED INSIDE! MOTHER'S ARE "T TO A"... THOMAS TO ANN! FATHER'S ARE "A TO T"!



AFTER KATHY GOES TO THE HOTEL TO REST,
ROY SHOWS THE BANDIT'S KING TO RUFE ...

GREAT JUPITERS!
SO KATHY'S FATHER
WAS THAT GUNSLINGER
THIEF, TOBY STACK!

LOOKS THAT WAY!
I SURE HATE TO
TELL HER!

I'LL TELL HER, ROY! THE
SOONER SHE KNOWS THE
BETTER — AND SHE CAN
LEAVE RIGHT AWAY
TOMORROW!

SEEMS LIKE
YOU'RE RIGHTLY
ANXIOUS TO GET
RID OF HER,
RUFE!

NO, ROY, I JUST KNOW HER BETTER —
AND I KNOW SHE'LL BE MISERABLE HERE.
AFTER FOLKS FIND
OUT WHO SHE IS!

GUESS YOU'RE
RIGHT, RUFE! BUT
BREAK THE NEWS
GENTLY!

A SHORT TIME LATER...

I TOLD KATHY...POOR
GIRL! SHE TOOK IT HARD
AND SHE'S LEAVING ON
THE STAGE TOMORROW!

I GUESS
THAT'S BEST! LOOK,
RUFE, THE SHERIFF
IS BRINGING IN A
PRISONER! IT'S THE
OTHER STAGE
ROBBER!

LATER...

HERE'S SOME
LOOT THAT'LL
THE STACK AND BOYLE TO
SEVERAL ROBBERIES! THE
STUFF WAS HIDDEN IN THE
SHACK!

THAT'S BIG TIME!
WATCH AND
BALLET!

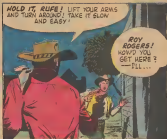
HE'LL SURE BE
GLAD TO GET
THEM BACK! I'LL
TAKE THEM TO
HIM!

NO, YOU WON'T, RUFE!
THEY'RE EVIDENCE!
I'LL HAVE TO COME
IN AND IDENTIFY
THESE THINGS!

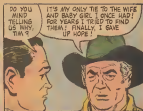


BOYLE WATCHES AND WAITS IN THE SILENT OFFICE,
AND FINALLY, AT MIDNIGHT, HE HEARS THE FIRST
SOUND OF MUFFLED VOICES OUTSIDE THE JAIL...









QUICKLY, BOY SUMMONS MISS KATHY TO MATCH RINGS WITH BIG TIM, AND...



Though the "calumet" is known as the "pipe of peace" among the American Indians, it is used in other ceremonial occasions as well as to ratify a peace treaty. It is smoked to commemorate a youth's manhood, to celebrate a victory, to make an offering to the Great Spirit, and to close important meetings.

In the Blackfoot ceremony the pipe is passed from left to right around a circle of smokers who have removed their mocassins. The smoke is first offered to the four cardinal directions North, South, East, and West. Then the meeting is under way.

The French Canadians were the first to give the pipe a name, the "calumet."

DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS

DAD! DAISY CHRISTMAS CATALOG!

I've checked ☒ the Daisy I'd like for Christmas.

You can buy it at: _____



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